

## CHARIVARIA.

A EULOGISTIC article in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, on the work of Mr. LESLIE WARD, entitled "Forty Years' Work as 'Spy,'" has, we hear, attracted considerable attention in Germany.

By-the-by, the Anglo-German Friendship Society, it is announced, is in future to be known as the British-German Friendship Society. "We are getting on," as the PREMIER would say.

In reply to a question in the Upper House, Lord HALDANE acknowledged last week that our present rifle was in some respects inferior to others, but tests, he said, were being carried out with a new rifle, which it was hoped would ultimately prove to be the finest in the world. It is nice to know that even if we do not win the war which breaks out, say, to-morrow, we may yet win the next one after that.

The Nanking Republicans telegraphed to YUAN SHI-KAI to say that he was second only to WASHINGTON, who was the only other President of a Republic elected unanimously. It was not, however, pointed out that WASHINGTON retained his Georgian pig-tail even after election.

Some of our living novelists are protesting against the DICKENS boom. The free advertisement given to DICKENS's Immortal Works is said to be doing serious harm to their own.

No fewer than 20,000 persons applied for free tickets to see Mr. EDEN PHILPOTTS' prohibited play. We cannot help thinking, however, that the audience of guests were disappointed, and did not find the play so improper as they expected.

It is denied that Mr. NEIL FORSYTH and Mr. HAMMERSTEIN have agreed to amalgamate in a firm to be entitled Hammerandtongestein, Ltd.

A millionaire Pittsburg merchant, aged seventy-five, has just married a beautiful young girl of nineteen, and

several of our newspapers have referred to the event as a "Romance."

There is nothing new under the sun. We now hear that the Freak Dances which have made their appearance in our ball-rooms have been the vogue for many years past in our lunatic asylums.

This statement gains probability from the rumour that at a certain ball the other night a number of patients from a neighbouring hospital who were suffering from St. Vitus's dances took part and failed to attract attention.

Meanwhile it occurs to us, would it not

A medical contemporary points out that "it is gradually becoming realised that singing is an excellent cure for weak lungs." This explains, and perhaps almost excuses, what we had hitherto looked upon as a most heartless practice on the part of some of our friends.

*The Sphere* mentions each week the price it gives for its Short Story. One could wish that it were compulsory for every paper to state what it pays its contributors. Some of our periodicals badly need shaming.

"A correspondent sends us the programme of a recent organ recital at a church on a Sunday evening in a Staffordshire town, at which the selections were all by Wagner, except two by Tannhauser."

*Staffordshire Sentinel.*  
And a comic song by Lohengrin.

## The Indispensable Tidings.

The audience at *The Parable* yesterday numbered, in the afternoon, 7,328, and in the evening 8,419. This constitutes a record for February 26, 1912, for never before have so many persons witnessed this wonderful and beautiful performance on that date.

"Amid all that eclat and elaborationness of ceremony which constitute the stage property of the gilded Chamber, Lord Pontypidd was to-day sworn in as a member of the House of Lords."  
*South Wales Daily News.*



THE FORLORN HOPE.

"HELLO! COULD YOU SUGGEST THE WRONG NUMBER I OUGHT TO ASK FOR, MISS, IN ORDER TO GET 2-DOUBLE 0-9-2 MAYFAIR?"

be possible to arrive at a compromise in the dramatic censorship question by altering the scope of its duties? If the censors were to leave the drama alone and devote their energies to keeping our ball-rooms clean many of us would be more than pleased.

We beg to extract, with grateful acknowledgments, the following rule from the Weybridge Golf Club card:—"When laying in a gorse ring the ball must be lifted, penalty 1 stroke." Seeing how many balls one loses, we must say it seems a pity to disturb one when it is laying others.

We hear that many golfers who have had no luck the other way intend to try the blindfold game, on the chance of their doing better when they cannot see what they are about.

It seems to have carried away the writer entirely.

## Gog and Magog.

"The Great Successful Drama,

"THE TWO ORPHANS,"

(Over 3,000 ft. in length)."

Advt. in "*Radclyffe Times*."

## "SLICED LEMON PIE.

(KINDNESS OF MRS. K. D. G.)

L'ne a deep pie tin with a good crust, sprinkle it with a cup of sugar, pour in a cup of water, sift a tablespoonful of flour over it, put on the top crust, and bake."

—*New York Globe.*  
Is it quite kind of Mrs. K. D. G. to leave out the lemons?

## "DOCTORS &amp; THE ACT.

CARDIFFIAN IN THE CHAIR.

VOTE OF CENSURE ON HIM NOT CARRIED."

*South Wales Daily News.*

Another triumph for Cardiff.

## OUR MAGAZINE PAGE.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST FOR  
EVERYONE.

ENTERTAINING AND EDIFYING.

## OUR SERMONETTE.

*Commit this to memory; it will help  
you through the day:—*

However strong the impulse, never,  
if it can be avoided, commit suicide.  
When tempted, repeat the following  
words:—

Stay the rash hand! Though life be  
grim and gray,  
To-morrow, recollect, succeeds to-day.

## A BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE AGILE GRASSHOPPER.

Most of us have observed the extra-  
ordinary jumping powers of the com-  
mon grasshopper. If human beings  
possessed such powers in proportion to  
their size, we should have the privilege  
of watching Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON  
bound nonchalantly to and fro across  
the Thames. Grasshoppers do not  
build their nests in trees, nor, as a rule,  
migrate in winter.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

Select a well-known poetical quota-  
tion and replace some of the principal  
words by others. Very surprising re-  
sults can be obtained in this way, as is  
proved in the following instance, where  
the famous lines:—

"Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown"  
are transformed into:—

Go into the kitchen, Jane,  
For the milk-boy, Thos., has come.

We offer a first prize, consisting of a  
bag of nuts, and a second prize con-  
sisting of the published sermons of  
Dr. CLIFFORD, for the two best "trans-  
formed" quotations sent to us by wire-  
less telephony in 1912. The example  
given above must not be used except in  
cases of sheer desperation.

## TO-DAY'S POEM.

## THE TWO VIOLETS.

Two Violets bloomed in a garden  
When the bluff March breezes blew,  
And they loved each other fondly,  
As Violets often do;  
But shyness kept them from speaking  
Till death had torn them apart,  
And neither knew that the other  
Had died of a broken heart.

Take warning, you who are lovers,  
By the Violets' hapless fate;  
Don't wait till you're dead and buried,  
For then it may be too late;  
Don't foolishly let your passion  
Remain locked up in your breast,  
But speak to your loved one boldly  
And so get it off your chest.

## "NUMENES."

*A Fascinating Pastime for the Winter  
Evenings.**Try it to-night.*

"Numenes" (*i.e.* New Meanings) is the  
title given to a game which is exciting  
the greatest enthusiasm in intellectual  
circles. It can perhaps best be de-  
scribed by means of example. Take  
the letters N, E, S, W, which are  
always to be seen on wind vanes. They  
indicate the four points of the compass  
(North, East, South and West), but  
with a little ingenuity one can easily  
apply "Numenes" to them. Thus one  
might say:—

Never Employ Sultry Words.

Or, again, keeping the letters in the  
same order, but commencing with E:—

Eat Sparingly When Ninety.

Other "Numenes," beginning respec-  
tively with the letters S and W are:—

Sow Wurzels Near Easter.

Warble Nicely Every Sabbath.

The game can also be played in  
French. The letters S, V, P. can thus  
be made to represent the exhortation  
"Soyez Vraiment Poli." It could  
doubtless be done in German but for  
the fact that the only member of the  
staff acquainted with that language is  
on his holidays.

## PITHY PAR.

You have doubtless remarked that  
full descriptions of a day's cricket in  
Australia are frequently printed in  
English newspapers apparently before  
the play has concluded. This is ac-  
counted for by the rotation of the earth  
upon its axis and forms yet another  
illustration of the marvels of Science.

BOMBARDIER WELLS, the heavyweight  
champion of England, was at one  
time in the Army, but he has never  
been known to take an unfair advantage  
of this fact when boxing.

To clean cycle tyres, moisten the  
tyres thoroughly with a large-sized  
shaving brush, rub briskly with a stick  
of shaving soap, dip the brush in hot  
water and work up a good lather. Lay  
sheets of blotting-paper along the gar-  
den path and ride the machine up and  
down until the tyres are dry. Repeat  
the process until all dirt is removed.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought  
upon a Sunday. This, however, was  
before the invention of aeroplanes.

Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN (*née*  
Miss VAN RAALTE), whose photograph  
has been appearing in the Press, is the  
same lady whose same photograph  
recently appeared as that of Lord  
HOWARD DE WALDEN's fiancée.

## A TRIBUTE TO A GOD.

If any cynic still refuses  
The island people's claim  
Not least to love the heavenly Muses  
And the bright Sun-god's name,  
Or thinks in vain he held his chorus  
On that Parnassian height,  
For souls that never shall be porous  
To Hellene points of light;

To such as these I say, "Why raven  
you?"

Your bookish notions leave,  
Come out with me along the avenue  
Called Shaftesbury, at eve;  
Come out with me and show repent-  
ance:

Illumed against the sky  
Observe that solemn, awful sentence—  
"Apollo: *The Glad Eye.*"

Could any land but ours have fashioned  
So glorious a sign,  
Have hailed with tribute so impas-  
sioned

The lord of things that shine:  
The god whose pæans strike the  
rafter,

Who wreathes the laurel crown,  
Who brightens Heaven and earth with  
laughter

When his glad eye looks down?

Instinctively I stand and watch it,  
And dream of Hellas gone;  
The constables respect my crotchet,  
And spare to say, "Move on;"  
I seem to hear the psalm that waxed  
From Delos' sacred shore,  
I take no notice of the taxis  
Outside the Lyric door.

About me burns the panorama  
Of night's electric glare,  
Announcing patent soaps and drama,  
But this is far more fair:  
This surely makes the pulse beat faster,  
This wild spontaneous burst  
Of adoration for the Master  
Who gave men culture first.

You tell us there is some confusion?  
Some trifling error? What?  
Then let us clasp the old delusion,  
Nay, undeceive me not;  
Still let me stand as though in fetters  
While the rude crowd goes by,  
And gaze on those tremendous letters,  
"Apollo: *The Glad Eye.*" EVOE.

The Lack of Humour in the Animal  
World.

"COWS KILLED BY CHAFF."  
*People.*

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Chancellor of  
the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of two  
postal orders of £1 each—total, £2."—*Times.*  
And they find fault with the accuracy  
of his figures!



### THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

CALL BOY (Chief Whip). "IRISH PIG READY?"

MANAGER ASQUITH. "NOT YET. NOBODY SHALL SAY WE RUSHED THIS STAR TURN BEFORE WE'D THOUGHT IT OUT. SEND THE WELSH RABBIT ON TO KEEP 'EM QUIET."







### HUMOURS OF THE APPEAL COURT.

*Judge (reading from prisoner's record).* "IN 1885 YOU WERE SENTENCED TO EIGHTEEN MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR FRAUD?"

*Prisoner (indignantly).* "No, m'LORD!"

*Judge.* "IN 1888 YOU WERE SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE?"

*Prisoner.* "CERTAINLY NOT, YER LORDSHIP!"

*Judge.* "FROM 1895 DOWN TO THIS YEAR YOU HAVE BEEN IN PRISON

UNDER SENTENCES VARYING FROM TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT TO SIX YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE?"

*Prisoner.* "AIN'T A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT, YER LORDSHIP!"

*Judge.* "I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN."

### PLAYING AT PLAY.

["Toogood, playing every shot, whether from the tee, through the green, or on the putting green, with his eyes blindfolded, met A. Tindal Atkinson, a scratch player of the Sunningdale Club, playing in the orthodox manner, over eighteen holes, upon level terms. The result was absurd."—*Press.*]

THE final test match opened to-day in fine weather. An interesting novelty was introduced into the game, each batsman being compelled to use, to defend his wicket, some article from his travelling bag, in accordance with the claim put forward by several admirers of WARNER'S XI. that it is not necessary for an England player to use a bat in order to keep the ball off the wicket. RHODES, who compiled a neat 59 with his hairbrush, was loudly cheered, as was HOBBS, who, using his Thermos flask, gave a perfect display, including all his best strokes. It is some evidence of his activity that, on his arrival at the pavilion, the milk, which had been the original contents of the

flask, had become cheese. FOSTER, who, with HOBBS, was not out at the close of play, gave a fine exhibition with his trousers-press, his drives past very silly mid-on being greatly enjoyed by the crowd.

The final at the Crystal Palace will be of unusual interest this year owing to the decision of the committee to vary the character of the play by substituting a glass marble for the ball generally used. This change is made to prove that it is not necessary, so exact are the expert player's movements, for the sphere to be as large as that now employed. Sir Olley Lodge has consented to kick off.

The Channel Swim will, this year, take a new form, as BURGESS will dive off hand-cuffed and with his feet attached by a chain cable to a grand piano. It is hoped to show that it is not necessary for any expert swimmer to enjoy every possible advantage on

entering the water before he can cross the Channel. The proposal that he should be allowed to carry between his teeth a small file was vetoed on the ground that if this was permitted the value of the test would immediately disappear.

Bricklayers were at work yesterday at Wimbledon erecting the ten-foot brick wall which is to take the place of the net in the Tennis Championship this year. The new feature is being introduced to prove that it is not necessary for the player receiving service to see the ball as it leaves the server's racquet, before he can make a smart return.

From a speech as reported in *The Berkhamsted Gazette*:—

"Dr. — had been heard frequently to refuse to put into his pocket that which he felt ought to go into the stomachs of his patients." The waistcoat pocket, after all, is no place for the ammoniated quinine.

## STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

## V.—THE ACTOR'S.

MR. LEVINSKI, the famous actor-manager, dragged himself from beneath the car, took the snow out of his mouth, and swore heartily. Mortal men are liable to motor accidents; even kings' cars have backfired; but it seems strange that actor-managers are not specially exempt from these occurrences. Mr. Levinski was not only angry; he was also a little shocked. When an actor-manager has to walk two miles to the nearest town on a winter evening one may be pardoned a doubt as to whether all is quite right with the world.

But the completest tragedy has its compensations for someone. The pitiable arrival of Mr. Levinski at "The Bull's Head," unrecognised and with his fur coat slightly ruffled, might make a sceptic of the most devout optimist, and yet Eustace Merrowby can never look back upon that evening without a sigh of thankfulness; for to him it was the beginning of his career. The story has often been told since—in about a dozen weekly papers, half-a-dozen daily papers and three dozen provincial papers—but it will always bear telling again.

There was no train to London that night and Mr. Levinski had been compelled to put up at "The Duke's Head." However, he had dined and was feeling slightly better. He summoned the manager of the hotel.

"What does one do in this dam place?" he asked with a yawn.

The manager, instantly recognising that he was speaking to a member of the governing classes, made haste to reply. "Othello" was being played at the town theatre. His daughter, who had already been three times, told him that it was very fascinating. He was sure his lordship. . . .

Mr. Levinski dismissed him, and considered the point. He had to amuse himself with something that evening, and the choice apparently lay between "Othello" and the local Directory. He picked up the Directory. By a lucky chance for Eustace Merrowby it was three years old. Mr. Levinski put on his fur coat and went to see "Othello."

For some time he was as bored as he had expected to be, but halfway through the Third Act he began to wake up. There was something in the playing of the principal actor which moved him strangely. He looked at his programme. "Othello"—MR. EUSTACE MERROWBY. Mr. Levinski frowned thoughtfully. "Merrowby?" he said to himself. "I don't know the name, but he's the man

I want." He took out the gold pencil presented to him by the Emperor—(the station-master had had a tie-pin)—and wrote a note.

He was finishing breakfast next morning when Mr. Merrowby was announced.

"Ah, good morning," said Mr. Levinski, "good morning. You find me very busy," and here he began to turn the pages of the Directory backwards and forwards, "but I can give you a moment. What is it you want?"

"You asked me to call on you," said Eustace.

"Did I, did I?" He passed his hand across his brow with a noble gesture. "I am so busy, I forget. Ah, now I remember. I saw you play *Othello* last night. You are the man I want. I am producing 'Oom Daas,' the great South African drama, next April, at my theatre. Perhaps you know?"

"I have read about it in the papers," said Eustace. In all the papers (he might have added) every day, for the last six months.

"Good. Then you may have heard that one of the scenes is an ostrich farm. I want you to play 'Tommy.'"

"One of the ostriches?" asked Eustace.

"I do not offer the part of an ostrich to a man who has played *Othello*. Tommy is the Kaffir boy who looks after the farm. It is a black part, like your present one, but not so long. In London you cannot expect to take the leading parts just yet."

"This is very kind of you," said Eustace, gratefully. "I have always longed to get to London. And to start in your theatre!—it's a wonderful chance."

"Good," said Mr. Levinski. "Then that's settled." He waved Eustace away and took up the Directory again with a business-like air.

And so Eustace Merrowby came to London. It is a great thing for a young actor to come to London. As Mr. Levinski had warned him, his new part was not so big as that of *Othello*; he had to say "Hofu tsetse!"—which was alleged to be Kaffir for "Down, Sir!"—to the big ostrich. But to be at the St. George's Theatre at all was an honour which most men would envy him, and his association with a real ostrich was bound to bring him before the public in the pages of the illustrated papers.

Eustace, curiously enough, was not very nervous on the first night. He was fairly certain that he was word-perfect; and if only the ostrich didn't kick him in the back of the neck—as it had tried to once at rehearsal—the evening seemed likely to be a triumph

for him. And so it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that, on the morning after, he gathered the papers round him at breakfast, and prepared to read what the critics had to say.

He had a remarkable Press. I give a few examples of the notices he obtained from the leading papers:—

"Mr. Eustace Merrowby was Tommy."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The cast included Mr. Eustace Merrowby."—*Times*.

". . . Mr. Eustace Merrowby . . ." *Daily Chronicle*.

"We have no space in which to mention all the other performers."—*Morning Leader*.

"This criticism only concerns the two actors we have mentioned, and does not apply to the rest of the cast."—*Sportsman*.

"Where all were so good it would be invidious to single out anybody for special praise."—*Daily Mail*.

"The acting deserved a better play."—*Daily News*.

". . . Tommy . . ."—*Morning Post*.

As Eustace read the papers he felt that his future was secure. True, *The Era*, careful never to miss a single performer, had yet to say, "Mr. Eustace Merrowby was capital as Tommy," and *The Stage*, "Tommy was capital played by Mr. Eustace Merrowby"; but even without this he had become one of the Men who Count—one whose private life was of more interest to the public than that of any scientist, general or diplomat in the country.

Into Eustace Merrowby's subsequent career I cannot go at full length. It is perhaps as a member of the Garrick Club that he has attained his fullest development. All the good things of the Garrick which were not previously said by SYDNEY SMITH may safely be put down to Eustace; and there is no doubt that he is the ringleader in all the subtler practical jokes which have made the club famous. It was he who pinned to the back of an unpopular member of the committee a sheet of paper bearing the words

KICK ME

—and the occasion on which he drew the chair from beneath a certain eminent author as the latter was about to sit down is still referred to hilariously by the older members.

Finally, as a convincing proof of his greatness, let it be said that everybody has at least heard the name "Eustace Merrowby"—even though some may be under the impression that it is the trade-mark of a sauce; and that half the young ladies of Wandsworth Common and Winchmore Hill are in love with him. If this be not success, what is?

A. A. M.

# A PRELIMINARY PRATTLE WITH LADY PRECIOSA PIPKIN.

(In the fearless manner of "The Daily Chronicle.")

To enter the library in Arlington Street where Lady Preciosa Pipkin writes and reads is indeed a privilege which an ordinary journalist can hardly taste without fainting from sheer ecstasy. One is reminded alternately of CORINNA and MARIE CORELLI, of MADAME DE STAËL and MADAME SARAH GRAND. The atmosphere of the room is charged with pastoral serenity, and Lady Preciosa's voice, the ethereal tones of which remind one of harp harmonics, helps to enhance the illusion.

When I commented on this she smiled an exquisite smile and observed: "People think I live out of the rush, and often tell me so; yet, all the same, life, I think, is a terrible rush. Even some of our bishops have recently rushed to Russia and back again. . . . But I fear that I am in a minority, having always been a very unrushful person. Rapid locomotion is always distasteful to me, and I would infinitely rather be a tortoise than a hare. Indeed, I think that in a previous existence I must have been a tree, for I have roots and move them with great difficulty."

Lady Preciosa would have made an ideally lovely Hamadryad, and I longed to tell her so, but, after all, the object of my visit was not to discuss her previous existence but her forthcoming book, *The Silver Satchel*.

"How did *The Silver Satchel* come to be written? Well, on the principle that silence is golden, I hit upon the epithet 'silver' as appropriate to the outpourings of my pen. 'Satchel,' you see, begins, like 'silver,' with an 'S.' It is simply a commonplace book filled with extracts culled from various sources and supplemented with a few pieces of my own."

*The Satchel* which Lady Preciosa Pipkin so modestly describes as a commonplace book contains many rare and radiant effusions from her own gifted pen. Extracts of which the source is unknown are marked by one star, as distinguished from two stars which indicate anonymity, three stars which are affixed to pieces of a spirited and convivial type, and forty-two stars which indicate an American origin.

But Lady Preciosa, though so generous in admitting other writers to her *Silver Satchel*, is nothing if not original, as the following intensely interesting *obiter dicta* clearly show:—

"Personally I think the average



*Fair Guest.* "THEN YOU ABSOLUTELY DENY, GENERAL, THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH A THING AS PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN, EVEN IN THE CASE OF A PHILOSOPHER?"

*The General (slightly deaf).* "YES, ABSOLUTELY. THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS, NOT EVEN IN THE CASE OF A FIELD OFFICER."

modern book is very good; but as I only read those which I like, you will see that my point of view would inevitably differ from one who read no books except those which he (or she) disliked.

"One must, I think, use patience in dealing with young people's reading tastes. For instance, my youngest son, aged four, is suffering from an epidemic of infatuation for the lady whom he calls 'The Baroness Corkscrew.' The only thing to be done is to wait till it passes—like mental measles. I remember that I myself at the age of five was quite unable to appreciate CARLYLE'S *Sartor Resartus*. But my second son, aged seven, positively revels in the

romances of GEORGE MEREDITH. He almost seems to draw sustenance from them, and one week he put on no less than 10 lbs. weight while he was reading *The Egoist* from morning to night."

Lady Preciosa Pipkin considers a love of reading to be one of the greatest of life's boons. "Better a thousand times that one should spend five shillings on MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* than on beer, tobacco, or even chocolate creams."

*The Silver Satchel* follows on other books—*Hushful Whispers*, *In Quest of Calm*, *The Log of the Dormy Houseboat*—characteristic of the same peaceful pen and refined yet catholic taste.



## THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation in the Greek form of our everyday joys and sorrows.)

## II.—THE TWINS.

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

*The Husband; the Wife; a Butler; a Constable;  
a Goddess.*

*Chorus of Squires, Vicars and Tenants.*

SCENE—*The lawn in front of a manor-house. Time,  
3 P.M. Many tea-tables are set out.*

## BUTLER.

Thou whom obedient to a changeless law  
With equal speed thy flaming coursers draw,  
Whose azure robes are dipped in molten gold  
And strewn with jewels rich and manifold,  
Great Sun, I hail thee, and I bid thee be  
The kind sustainer of our festal tea.  
Shine on my master, also on his wife,  
Who after fifty years of wedded life  
Shall from their friends, no matter what their stations,  
Receive to-day the due congratulations,  
With gifts of massy gold, embossed or chased  
Or hammered, as may suit the giver's taste.  
And I may add that I have laid each table,  
Faithful in heart, as well as I was able.

## SQUIRES AND VICARS.

Faring hither from glebes and manors,  
Where we have dwelt as man and boy,  
Through a flame of flags and a flush of banners,  
Now we are come to our task of joy.  
Landlords, justices, godly sages,  
We who rule over man and beast,  
Leaving our halls and our vicarages,  
Lo, we are lured to the golden feast.

## SQUIRES.

He deserves a show of hunting  
And the tribute of our tongue,  
Who is just as fond of hunting  
As he was when he was young;

## VICARS.

Who in large ways and in small ways  
Never left us in the lurch  
With his cheque-book, and is always  
Very regular at church.  
In subscribing he looks pleasant  
Where another man might blench.

## SQUIRES.

He can shoot a soaring pheasant,  
And is Chairman of the Bench.

## TENANTS.

The Wife is as good in her way  
As her lord and her master is in his;  
She never presumes to play  
A part in her husband's business.  
She humours his every whim,  
And thinks him the first and the best of us;  
And she always looks after him,  
While he looks after the rest of us.

## FULL CHORUS.

Hymen, giver of reasonable happiness to them that are  
unpuffed-up in expectation, on thee we call and bid thee  
leave the rose-decked glades and hasten hither on odorous  
wings. Yet not as a boy shalt thou come, but grave and

reverend, a fifty-year-old unwithholding offerer of connubial  
love. For now the half-centuried companions; the gold-  
gifted pair, are approaching, and in their train we behold  
a bevy of sons and daughters, and of grand-children  
a shouting many-aged host, yea and of great-grandchildren  
not a few, long-clothed and borne in arms and with high-  
pitched unhappy voices wildly clamouring for sustenance.  
But who is this, the sad-browed wearer of a black helmet,  
who behind the joyous throng stalks immitigably, a gloomy  
threatener of woe to the ancestral palace? Surely for no  
festival was he intended; but we in silence must await the  
fulfilment of doom.

[*The Husband and Wife advance to the front.*

*Husband (to her).* Dearest, thy hat is of a size unmeet for  
the aged.

*Wife (to him).* And across thy forehead a black smudge has  
been smeared.

*Husband (to the guests).* Friends, forgive, if with my faltering  
tongue I speak not words of due thanksgiving.

*Constable (intervening).* Pause, rash ones, for I too have  
a word to speak.

*Husband.* Words are for the high-born, but go thou within  
the house.

*Constable.* Not so, for to you black fate is now come.

*Husband.* How sayest thou, and what warrant hast thou?

*Constable.* Thee for burglary the law demands, but for  
theft the lady.

*Husband.* Terrible things, indeed, thou speakest to me who  
was never yet a burglar.

*Wife.* And to me, being guiltless, thy speech is bitter.

*Constable.* Will ye forbear resistance, coming quietly?

*Husband.* Yea, for it is better to endure that which cannot  
be avoided.

*Wife.* And to be crushed with suffering is the lot of women.

## CHORUS.

Ot-ot-oi, ot-ot-oi! for now woe brings woe upon woe.  
Whither shall we fly? In what dark forest by men un-  
visited shall we hide our faces? Now, indeed, are the  
foundations of the Palace uprooted and all the walls are  
shattered. Avert thy face, O Sun, and let black Night, the  
merciful, hide us in the folds of her garment.

[*The Goddess descends in her machine.*

*The Goddess.* Hold on, for I indicate a way of honour and  
safety.

*Constable.* Me thou shalt not rob of my lawful capture.

*The Goddess (ignoring him and addressing the Husband).*

Was there not formerly to thee a twin-brother,  
all but simultaneously born and like unto thee  
as pin to pin?

*Husband.* Yea, there was; but what news bringest thou  
of the long-forgotten?

*The Goddess (to the Wife).* With thee, too, many years ago,  
a twin-sister sported in thy paternal home?

*Wife.* Ay, in truth she did; but her we do not mention,  
having thrust her out.

*The Goddess.* These, then, being your twins, are the cul-  
prits; but for you two let the revelry proceed.

[*She re-ascends.*

## CHORUS.

Now surely no course is left to the mistaken seizer of  
non-delinquents save to plunge the sharp steel in his breast,  
seeking death as a refuge. But to us the Goddess hath  
brought a return of joy, and Justice resumes her sway.

R. C. L.

"Wanted, a respectable baby to adopt."

*Advt. in "Glasgow Herald."*

"My baby's always kept 'isself respectable, Sir."





## WOT CHEER!

*Pal (on pavement).* "ALLO, JOE; 'OW YER GETTIN' ON?"

*Joe.* "ORL RIGHT, OLE SPORT, ORL RIGHT. PLENTY O' MONEY, BUT NO TIME TO BLUE IT."

## LIFE AND ROMANCE.

THE function of the novelist is less to invent a new and non-existent life than to collect actual incidents of life as it is lived, to place these in a juxtaposition which they did not previously enjoy, and to draw the deduction. For the several incidents of actual life as it is, one turns instinctively to the several columns of *The Daily Mail*; to achieve the juxtaposition, one has only to take a pair of scissors, to cut out and up the columns, to mix judiciously the fragments, and there you are. Avoid, of course, such side issues as Coal Crises and political happenings, and confine yourself to the more important chit-chat about Leap Year and the Telephone Trouble. If you had done this this week, this would have been the correct result:—

CHAPTER I.  
LEAP YEAR.

How the Fair Sex Will Avail Themselves of their Privilege.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Mail":—*

SIR,—Any leap-year proposals I may make I shall effect by telephone. In

this way a girl can preserve her blushes and her modesty and at the same time put her question.

It is all so simple. You ring up the number, say, "Is that 999?" and then ask if the young man, like *Barkiss*, is willing . . . —K. F., Norwood.

CHAPTER II.  
TELEPHONE CHAOS.

*To the Editor of "The Daily Mail":—*

SIR,—A postcard sent to me says: "I have just been on the telephone from 12.5 to 12.25 trying to get your number, P. O. Hampstead, but have been told you were engaged all that time. Is this correct? I called up the clerk in charge and complained."

When I tell you that my telephone was not in use at all during the times named, you will agree that further comment is needless.—G. S., Agamemnon Road, West Hampstead.

## CHAPTER III.

We agree that further comment is needless, as witness our hand this twenty-ninth day of February, one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

## Scenes from the Nile.

"It is a matter fresh in the minds of all how in April, 1907, the bottom fell out of the Egyptian booms, and brought down the Khartoum bubble in its wake."

*Soudan Herald.*

Hence the Great Dam.

"A large silver salver and four entree dishes were from the Kilmarnock tenants, but the inscription on the former gave the bridgroom's names as Thomas Evelyn Ellis Scott instead of Scott Ellis."—*Evening News.*

We hope more care will be taken in christening the billiard-room.

"The new enterprise will enable Londoners to breakfast at home on one day and to dine in Halifax four days later."—*Standard.*

Too long to wait. We shall therefore continue to dine in London on the same day.

"From 27,000 minutes of Scottish League football only 1220 goals have been extracted this season. Remarkable to state, the goals 'for' are identical with those 'against'—viz., 610."—*People's Journal.*

And it's as far from London to Glasgow as it is from Glasgow to London. What a world!



### THE RAGGING CASE.

*The Oracle of the Sergeants' Mess (after much heated discussion). "AH DON'T CAER WHUTT YE SAY, IT'S NO' A GENTLEMANLY THING FURR A GENTLEMAN TAE PIT STROBBERY JAAM ON ANITHER GENTLEMAN'S HAER!"*

### THE DISAPPOINTED DEMON.

A JAPANESE artist of old took a chisel,  
And a chunk of smooth ivory, soft as is such,  
And, wrinkle by wrinkle and bristle by bristle,  
A little old demon had life at his touch,—  
A squat little figure  
All sword-belts and vigour,  
With claws that could clasp with a terrible clutch!

A tea-house acquired him, he sat in its porches  
For years of red lacquer and joss-stick and fan,  
The sun on the fir-trees at noon, and the torches  
Of gay paper lanterns at nightfall, he'd scan,  
Blind to both for a geisha,  
The brightest in Asia,

Whom he loved, as a demon in ivory can!

She was small and delightful, her silk robes would rustle  
When she slid o'er the matting with tea-tray and pot,  
She'd a flower in her hair and a sash like a bustle,  
And she loved her old demon, he fancied, a lot;  
For she laughed at him often,  
He'd thrill then and soften:

She was called something San, though I never learnt  
what.

But alas for his fancies, he'd misunderstood her;

One day, when the peach-bloom was pink on the trees,  
There came a Mikado's Court Captain who wooed her  
And wed her and carried her off at his ease;

And a P. & O. seaman  
He looted the demon,  
And brought him to London across the high seas!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now he sits on my chimney in all his regalia,  
As bored as a Bhudda. He dreams of Japan,  
Of hill-sides of cherry and banks of azalea  
And pines that would whisper to maiden and man,  
But mostly of laughter  
That rang to the rafter,  
The laughter of blossom-cheeked somebody San!

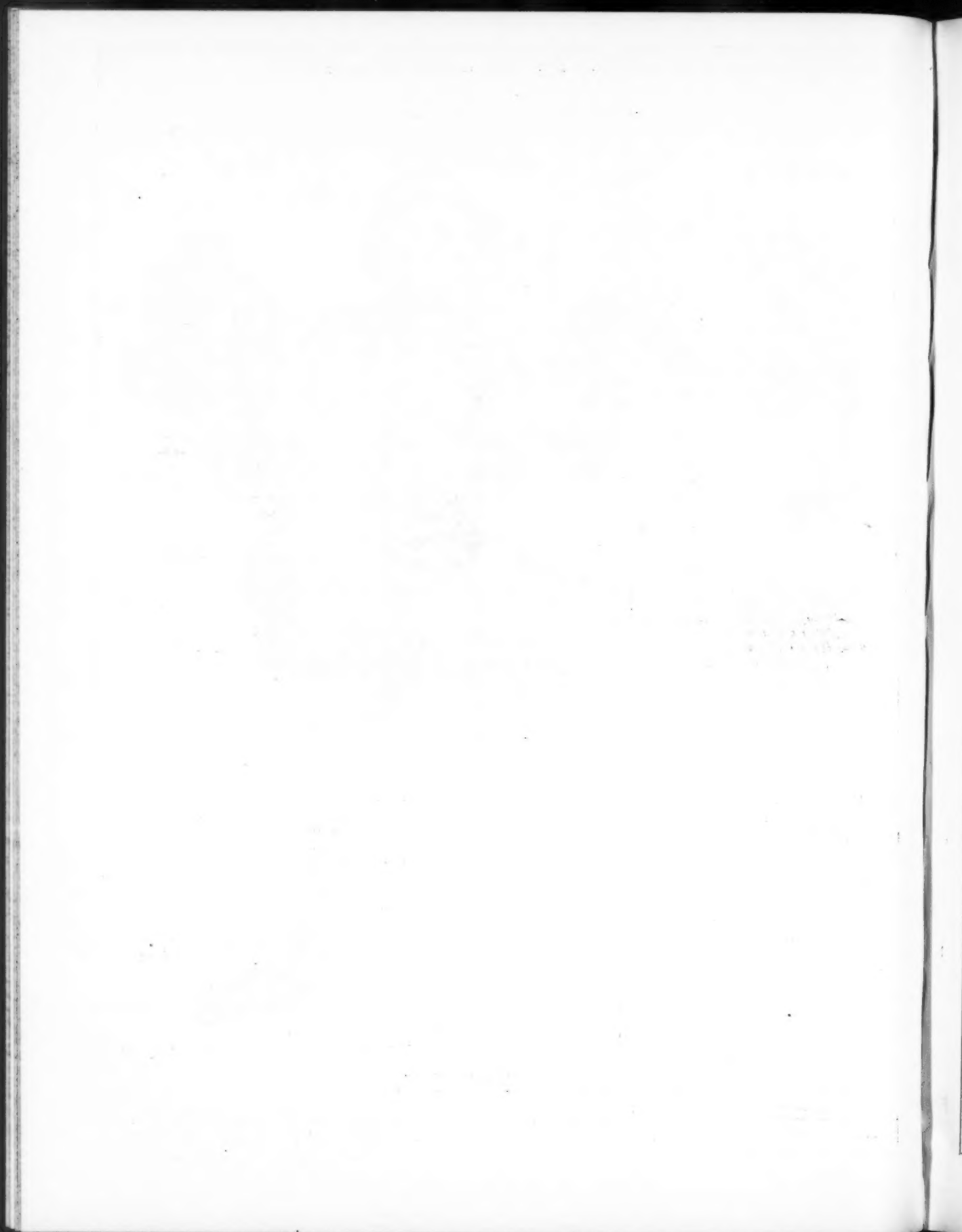
### THE STATISTICIANS.

THE English innings was opened by HOBBS and RHODES, and an outburst of cheering was raised when the batsmen had got half-way to the wicket, it being recognised that they had then accomplished one mile in walks to and from the crease since the start of the tour. . . . RHODES cut HORDERN prettily to the boundary, and cheers were raised when it was seen that he only required 96 for his century. . . . ARMSTRONG went on at 75, and a burst of applause announced that this was his first over in Test cricket since his last one. . . . With his score at 7, WOOLLEY gave a chance to HILL, and cheers testified to the fact that this was a more difficult chance than the one given by HOBBS to TRUMPER at Adelaide. . . . An ovation was accorded VINE when he equalled SPOFFORTH's score in the Test Match of 1882. (And so on, till close of play.)



### MEAN PROFITS.

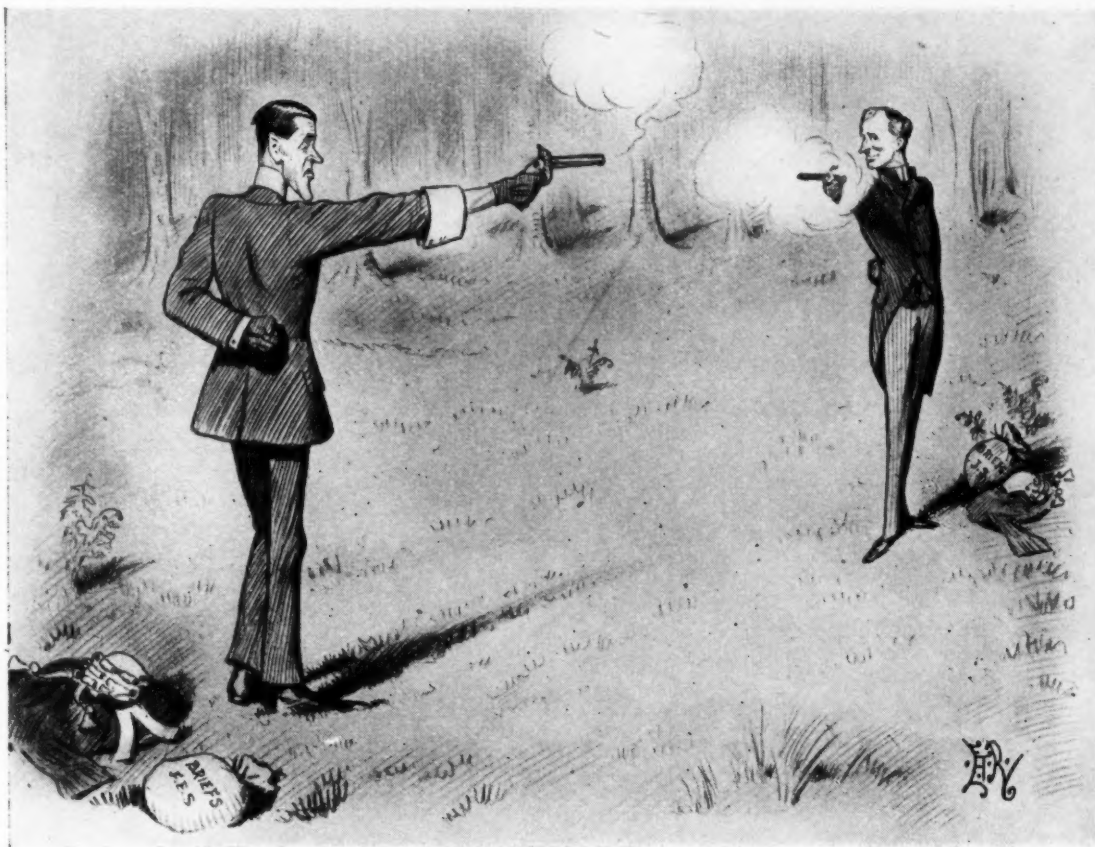
COAL MERCHANT (to Miner). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'M AGAINST STRIKES, I AM; BUT THE MORE THREATS OF 'EM YOU CAN GIVE ME, THE BETTER IT SUITS MY BOOK."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



## THE PROFESSIONAL DUELLISTS.

Both of 'em full of lead after a few minutes, but, bless you, it made no difference really.

(Mr. F. E. SMITH and Sir JOHN SIMON.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 19.—Excellent stage management of debate. F. E. SMITH led off with amendment to Address charging Government with breach of faith in the matter of the famous preamble to Parliament Bill promising reform of House of Lords. SOLICITOR-GENERAL put up to reply. Result, brilliant duel vastly enjoyed by thronged House.

Rarely are combatants so nicely balanced in skill; two capable of prettier swordplay not easily found. Born within a year of each other, neither "too old at forty," nurtured in the same college at Oxford, in succession President of the Union, both going to the Bar, each rapidly making his mark, both returned to Parliament, where early success was again secured, they met to-night rapier in hand, with nothing between them but that "substantial piece of furniture" for the

intervention of which, on a far-gone day, DIZZY thanked Heaven, since it separated him from GLADSTONE in one of his fits of oratorical fury.

It was F. E.'s first speech delivered with advantage of accessories of Front Opposition Bench. His delayed appearance there recalls a story not generally known, which redounds to his credit, and rebukes familiar sneer at the moral and intellectual adaptability of the barrister working his way in House of Commons. Two sessions ago, at personal invitation of PRINCE ARTHUR, F. E. quitted his accustomed place behind his Leaders and, using the phrase in the Parliamentary sense, "took silk" and a seat on Front Bench. After a while it was observed that he had returned to his former quarters. Much inquiry into the why and wherefore, but no explanation forthcoming.

Fact is F. E. differing from his Leader, who, in conjunction with LANSDOWNE, thought it politic to refrain from dying in the last ditch in opposition to Parliament Bill in the Lords, fully conscious of the sacrifice he was making, relinquished his privilege. Went back to share the lot of the Private Member who, in order to secure a seat, must needs be in his place at Prayer-time and take his chance of catching SPEAKER's eye at some uncertain period of debate.

Expectation ran high in anticipation of this bout at arms between the rising hope of the Unionist Party and his old college-mate. It was not disappointed. Each was at his best, and the level is lofty.

*Business done.*—Amendment to Address moved from Front Opposition Bench.

*Tuesday.*—Not much heard of the

WINSOME WINSTON since he genially backed up the WAR MINISTER's mission of peace to Berlin by describing the German Fleet as a luxury, a sort of extra glass of beer or a superfluous pipe. Whilst on his own part he lays low and says comparatively nuffin' he finds himself to-day in both Houses dragged into what BONNER describes as the "lime-light." In the Lords, CAMPERDOWN moves for return of military and civil forces specially detached to Belfast in connection with his recent visit and the cost thereby incurred.

CAMPERDOWN expressed regret at absence, through illness, of Lord PIRRIE, chairman of WINSTON's meeting. He would therefore, he said, abstain from making certain remarks. Amid buzz of approval of this generous conduct he continued: "Any one who knows Belfast as Lord PIRRIE knows it, and who allowed his name to be used as Chairman of the Ulster Liberal Association, incurred a very culpable, indeed an almost criminal responsibility."

Pondering over this remark, made under restraining circumstances delicately alluded to, noble Lords wondered what CAMPERDOWN would have said had PIRRIE been present in his habitual state of bounding health.

In the Commons shower of Questions on same subject rained on Treasury Bench. SEELY boldly asserted that the right of free speech must be safeguarded at any cost. This sentiment visibly affected WINTERTON, whom everyone is glad to see back from his trip to South Africa in fully restored health.

"Bayonets! bayonets!" the Noble Earl shouted, waving his right arm as if he were charging at head of his regiment.

As far as relevancy is concerned might as well have shouted, "Pickles! Pickles!"

That other man of war, MOORE of orth Armagh, took more practical view of situation. When SEELY, repeating statement made in other House by HALDANE, said cost of the entertainment amounted to £2,700, to be borne on the Army Estimates, NORTH ARMAGH rapidly scribbled some notes on his copy of Orders of the Day. Seizing opportunity for interposing, he asked if UNDER SECRETARY was aware that the estimate worked out at about 15/- a word of WINSTON's speech?

Purists might say this was taking Minister and the House at unfair disadvantage. NORTH ARMAGH had worked out his sum. No one had opportunity of testing accuracy of his statement of result. Would have been just the same had he put cost down at 17s. 6d. or 11s. 9d. a word. Anyhow, it

seemed a lot of money. If speech ran into silver at this rate silence certainly would be golden. SEELY sheered off with lame excuse to effect that if, when GENERAL CARSON, K.C., visited Dublin it had been necessary to make similar effort to ensure him the right of free speech, equal cost would have been met. Everyone felt that NORTH ARMAGH had the best of it.

*Business done.*—F. E. SMITH's Amendment to Address negated by 324 votes against 231.

*House of Lords, Friday.*—Not much heard of late of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. Naturally inclined to take period of rest after supreme exertions in the historic



"WINSOME WINNIE."

Diehard campaign. But as a Parliamentary force he is not dead or even sleeping. Quick as ever to see opportunity of dealing damaging blow to adversary. Nothing lacking in ingenuity and skill in fashioning weapon. Early in the week, TULLIBARDINE in other House gave notice of motion for Return calculated to cloud Treasury Bench with confusion. As is well known, BONNER, during the Recess, publicly charged Ministers with corruption, basing accusation on statement that they had deliberately, unnecessarily, at the charge of the taxpayer (already burdened with task of providing shilling dinners for M.P.'s in receipt of £400 a year, paid out of fourpences contributed by domestic servants under pressure of the Insurance Act), created some thousands of paid offices. These judiciously distributed as bribes or rewards among their political partizans.

At earliest possible moment after meeting of Parliament PREMIER challenged LEADER OF OPPOSITION to repeat this charge on floor of the House, where it might be directly met. BONNER, refraining from prompt acceptance of this challenge, that fiery SCOT TULLIBARDINE leapt on the war-path. Gave notice of motion for return of all additional appointments made in public departments during existence of present Government.

"That'll fetch 'em," WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE assents. But it doesn't go far enough. It misses opportunity of showing by contrast what was done in this matter under other and nobler auspices.

Accordingly he intends to move in this House for an additional Return, setting forth in detail particulars of appointments made by his revered Leader, Lord HALSBURY, in the dispensation of the patronage of the Lord Chancellor exercised by him over an exceptionally long period.

*Business done.*—Address agreed to.

#### A TIP IN TIME.

["Socks are to show less 'fireworks' and more art this season."—*Fashion's Edict.*]

No more, Lothario, dear old friend,  
Killer of each suburban fair,  
Can you attain your amorous end  
With pyrotechnic pedal wear—  
Wear that has made me fancy it  
Was Mr. Brock his benefit.

Hope not the female breast to move  
With garb at which Dame Fashion  
jibs,  
Your firework socks henceforth will  
prove  
But veritable moistened squibs,  
Things to be resolutely cut  
By any self-respecting nut.

Yet don't despair; along the road  
The smile of welcome still will  
greet  
Your passage, if you mend your mode  
And wear your art upon your feet,  
Inserting, when you wish to shine,  
A nocturne in each Number Nine.

"England . . . may form the keystone of a new European Concert; but if she were tied either to one or the other of the European combinations this noble part would be lost to her."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A keystone, in whatever key, and tied to whatever combinations, ought not to be allowed at a concert.

#### The Physique of the Army.

Notice on a Burma railway:—

"This carriage will accommodate 18 Passengers or 13 Soldiers."



## MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

*Family Physician (to Cleopatra).* "Ah! WE'VE BEEN DRINKING PEARLS AGAIN, HAVE WE?"

## THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN PARTY.

Most puissant lord, in vassal fear  
I bow to your august dominion,  
And pray that you will lend an ear  
To one poor woman's frank opinion

Of you and all your mimic court,  
Your A.D.C.'s and other flunkies,  
Who think of nothing else but sport  
And chatter like a cage of monkeys.

When I survey your gorgeous suite  
And all your quasi-regal splendour,  
I see the flagship of the fleet  
Aped by a little harbour tender.

And when you hold the shears of fate  
By virtue of the KING's commission  
I recollect your larval state—  
A pushing party politician;

But now you are the full-fledged thing,  
Pro-consul, peer, *in loco regis*,  
Flaunting the trappings of a king  
Amid the laughter of your lieges.

My lord—or should I say Your Ex?—  
No plea for mercy shall avail you;  
It is the custom of our sex  
To grant no terms when we assail you.

And I have reason to be hard;  
You—or your clerks in cloak and  
sabre—  
Have left me out, and sent a card  
To Mrs. Brown, my next-door neighbour.

## THE DRUM AND FYFE.

(A Self-satisfied Monologue.)

HEAVEN forbid that I should be conceited, but of course when a fellow has turned a German spectacle in London from a failure to success by a few strokes of his pen, he can't help feeling pleased about it, can he? Because, say what you will, it was I and *The Daily Drum* that did it. There was the beautiful German-made thing, with all its German capital sunk in it, and no one cared a rap for it, and in a moment I had transformed depression into triumph. Quite simple when you have a trick of enthusiastic writing and write in the right paper.

Henceforward there need be no failures in London. If a play fails to attract, the managers know what to do. Sir ARTHUR PINERO, for example, if his crisply-named drama, *The "Mind*

*the Paint" Girl*, shows signs of flagging, has only to enlist my sympathies and there won't be a seat empty. But of course my sympathies as well as my pen must be enlisted. That is the one condition.

Those that say that the Society paragraphs of *The Daily Drum* also had a hand in this wonderful achievement don't know what they are talking about. There are some people so devoid of sense that they believe that the little paragraph every morning, saying that Lord FitzNoodle was seen lunching there yesterday, and Lady Boomster had a large party with her, really did the trick. Not a bit of it; it was the white flame of genuine enthusiasm, and nothing else, except the power of the paper.

Papers are, I admit, not always powerful. *The Drum*, for example, could not win London at the last election. But that is only politics. When it comes to German spectacles it is different. *The Drum* cannot fail there. Nor can it—nor can I—resist the temptation to proclaim our victory. If we did, that would indeed be the Miracle.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE 'MIND THE PAINT' GIRL."

HAVING missed the first night performance, when the occupants of the gallery appear to have misbehaved themselves, I can only vaguely guess what it was in the play that disturbed their Olympian calm. It may possibly have pained them to find Sir ARTHUR PINERO trying to disillusionize their innocence as to the *vie intime* of the musical comedy ladies from the "Pandora." The very name "Pandora" may have been an offence, reminding them, as it would, of the mythical female who had all gifts bestowed on her for the express purpose of bringing ruin on the human race.

Personally, I could not discover that the author had any particular object, sinister or elevative, in writing his play. Sir WING is, of course, too old a bird to be snared into pointing a moral or allowing his tale to be adorned with the salt of a serious purpose. With a nicely balanced detachment he permitted his *personae*, according to their respective tastes and experience, to abuse or defend the character of these girls. One said that they were designing minxes, another that they performed a useful part in the social order by introducing fresh blood into the pallid veins of an effete aristocracy. The author tried to portray the type dispassionately, neither making it too sordidly vulgar nor presenting it in that atmosphere of glamour which is the despair of dowagers. Yet he showed himself a moralist *malgré lui*, for dulness is the most damning vice of all, and the ladies were, frankly, a rather dull lot.

I have read so much of the marvel of Sir ARTHUR's stagecraft that I was rightly shocked at the crude arrangement by which, in a scene which would naturally have been crowded during the dance intervals, a solitary couple would enter, do its little turn, and go out, to give place to another in strict rotation. Even when the stagecraft was good, one was often conscious of the medium. Nobody supposed for a moment that a man like young Lord Farncombe, so hesitant about his own claims, and so sacrificial in his homage of the "Mind the Paint" girl, would have chosen the hour of 4 A.M., and a situation that offered every sort of embarrassment, to offer her his heart and prospective coronet; nor could anybody suppose that a girl like Lily, thoroughly hardened to flattery, would be melted to wax for love of a man on the strength of a single night's dancing. Yet almost

everyone could appreciate that, as we were getting to the end of the Third Act, it was essential, for stage purposes, that something definite should be done, and done at once, if matters were to be got ripe in time for the final Act.

It was unfortunate too that one of the leading characters, *Captain Nicholas Jeyes*, was a figure straight out of stageland; and that Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's interpretation of the part, clever as it was, seemed to contribute to its staginess. The most effective Act—the Third—was spoiled by the unbelievableness of this man's conduct. It was incredible that "an officer and a gentleman" should throw



ON WITH THE OLD LOVE, BEFORE BEING OFF WITH THE NEW.

*Lily*. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Nicko, when I called you those filthy names. If you'll forgive me I'll marry you and raise your general tone."

*Lily Parradell*... Miss MARIE LÖHR.  
*Captain Nicholas Jeyes*... Mr. AYNESWORTH.  
*Lord Farncombe*... Mr. VERNON STEEL.

off, for the better enlightenment of his rival, that long and pitiless tirade against the girl they both loved, before her very face. Something like the same error of judgment was shown when another officer and gentleman, who had married a Pandora star in the old days and had led a dog's life of it, seized the occasion of a dance to which he had brought his wife to warn Farncombe against the peril of making a similar ass of himself.

But my chief complaint is still that the author was not nearly so funny as he might have been. True, the humour of Miss CLARE GREET as *Mrs. Upjohn* was always delightful, and Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR as a Semitic patron of musical comedy was most attractive; and Miss NINA SEVENING as one of the Pandora Girls was admirable in her suggestion of stupidity and affecta-

tion; but the rest of the gaiety was rather effervescent than exhilarating.

As for Miss MARIE LÖHR, the trouble is that she has a particular charm so personal to herself that, when she is playing any part but the very nicest, either she fails to convince me, or else I resent the fact that she of all people should have been asked to play it. I am conscious here of both these effects. When *Lily* is required in a fit of anger to throw off her carefully adjusted veneer and expose her inherent vulgarity, I am not persuaded that anything of the kind really occurs, and yet I am annoyed that Miss MARIE LÖHR should have been called on to make the attempt. Her vivacity, her warm-heartedness, her generous remorse, sudden as the outbursts for which it makes amends—all these were a delight; but there are things which by the very sweetness of her nature she was never meant to be and should never be asked to pretend to be.

On the last occasion when I had the pleasure of attending one of Sir ARTHUR PINERO's plays, I said that "I was sorry that Miss LÖHR was made gratuitously to appear in a scratch costume, *minus* gown and stockings, because it looks as if this kind of episode, coming so soon after her pyjamas scene in *Tantalising Tommy*, might grow into a habit with the people who write for her or manage her." Well, my fears have been realised. It has grown into a habit, at any rate with Sir ARTHUR. This time, in one Act, he gets somebody to unlace her bodice on the stage, and in the next, having presented her in *négligé*, he makes her put on her stockings with new blue ribbon garters for the reception of an admirer.

Apart from its many obvious merits—notably the picture of *Lily's* home-life in Act I., with its deadly odour of footlights and *foyer*—the play should attract by the allurements of its title. But it was also excellently staged, and the acting throughout could not easily have been improved. I have not yet mentioned Mr. DION BOURCAULT who, as a nondescript *attaché* of *Lily* and the girls, bounded as to the manner born; and among the minor parts I liked the adoring reticence of Mr. STEEL as Lord Farncombe, though his speech was a shade too exalted in tone; and I liked Mr. FITZGERALD as one of the "boys" when he was drunk without being disorderly.

O. S.

"CAPTAIN PIRIE, M.P., RAISES A STORM.  
INDIGNANT FISHERMEN."

*Dundee Advertiser.*

No wonder.



## OUR MODEST PRESS.

From *The Daily Watchman* :—

The Government has at last responded to the insistent demand of *The Watchman*, and has intervened in the threatened strike of Dustmen. The scheme of conciliation outlined in these columns a few days ago has been adopted in its entirety, and it is confidently expected that the trouble will soon be at an end.

From *The Evening Reflector* :—

*The Reflector* has at length aroused the Government to a sense of its duty in regard to the Dustmen danger. Negotiations are now in progress, and will follow the lines laid down in these columns the day before yesterday.

From *The Morning Megaphone* :—

The grave danger of a universal Dustmen's strike has been considerably lessened by the action of *The Megaphone*. In accordance with the directions clearly laid down in these columns, the Government has intervened in the crisis, and a settlement is anticipated on the lines of *The Megaphone's* article of Monday last.

From *The Daily Lantern* :—

The efforts of *The Lantern* to bring about Government intervention in the Dustmen's trouble have met with success, and, as Mr. ASQUITH has decided to adopt *The Lantern's* attitude, peace will in all probability be quickly restored.

From *The Crier* :—

Our readers will be grateful to *The Crier* for bringing about Government intervention in the threatened Dustmen's strike. There is no doubt that, thanks to *The Crier's* agency, the crisis will soon be over.

Statement in the House of Commons :—

It is not true, as reported in the Press, that the Government has intervened in the Dustmen dispute.

## THE PUNCTILIOUS FAMILY.

CAN anything be much more annoying than to have one's good sayings appropriated and used by others, without acknowledgment? Everybody will agree that this really is one of the most irritating and infuriating calamities of life. Judge then of my pleasure when I was introduced to the Sandersons and found them meticulously scrupulous about giving honour where honour is due. Not that they were universally witty; indeed



## THE BURNING QUESTION.

"MUMMY, IF THE COAL STRIKES, WILL THE FIRE GO OUT?"

many of the things said by them struck me as almost ordinary, if not commonplace; but a radiant intellectual honesty made it imperative that anything in the nature of a quotation should be in quotation marks and have the author's name set to it. A lesson indeed for others.

Thus, when I entered, Mrs. Sanderson, in reply to a remark of mine about the weather, said that, "to use Mr. Sanderson's vivid words at breakfast, 'it was raining cats and dogs';" and a little later Mr. Sanderson himself, also referring to the weather, quoted Mrs. Sanderson as having called the day "uncompromisingly humid."

"A very accurate description, don't you think?" he inquired of me; and I agreed.

"Mother's always saying the exact thing," said Enid, one of the daughters. "As Jack says, 'she hits the nail on the head every time.'"

"Yes," said Gwennie, another daughter, "but you put it better than that, Enid dear, when you said, 'Mother's got the gift of epithet.' That's exactly what it is—the gift of epithet."

"I always say," said Mr. Sanderson, "that Enid inherits the capacity from her mother. As Tom says of her, 'she's a chip of the old block.'"

"Or, as Uncle Will said, don't you remember?" said Jack: "'like mother, like daughter.'"

And so they went on, each being fair to the other, until I (who have been so often robbed) thought the age of gold was here once more.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I LIKE to think of Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS as a cheery doctor bringing comfort and hope to the bed-sides of moribund ideas for stories. "I'm done for, doctor," moans some poor battered patient. "They've worked me too hard. Man and boy, I've served the magazine public for twenty years, and now there's no life left in me." "Nonsense," replies the kindly physician. "Put yourself in my hands and I'll have you young and lively again in no time." Take, for instance, the first story in *The Man Who Could Not Lose* (Duckworth). I would have been prepared to swear before witnesses that the idea of a man miraculously possessed of the power of predicting racing-results a day in advance of the race had been worked to death. As Mr. DAVIS presents it, it glows with the freshness of youth. Buried treasure, again. Under Mr. DAVIS's treatment the doddering theme throws away its crutches and gambols. The secret, of course, lies in the never-failing charm of the author's style. He is so cosy and friendly and confidential. He takes you by the button-hole. "Just the fellow I was looking for," he says. "I've got a topping story to tell you. It'll just hit you right." And it does. Even if you have heard something of the sort before, the quiet humour with which he tells it makes you go on listening. And every now and then you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a masterpiece. "Gallagher" was such a one; so was "The Derelict," and so, in the present volume, is "The Consul." It is right. There is no more to be said about it. It is so right, indeed, that even when I read the next tale, "The Lost House," and found that Mr. DAVIS, as background for a damsel-in-distress melodrama, had cheerfully "bagged" the whole of the late Sidney Street affair, even down to sharp-shooting Guardsmen and "the youthful Home Secretary," I forgave him almost without hesitation.

Let anyone who opens *The Cure* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) and finds that Mr. DESMOND COKE labels it "A Psychologic Farce," not be discouraged. That Mr. COKE is a psychologist is well known to readers of his novels and of his excellent studies of boyhood; but in this book he is out primarily for fun; and although a moral is to be found by those who look for it, I rejoice to say that what can be found without any hunting is a very genuine fund of amusement. The action of the story takes place, for the most part, in the Selton-on-Sea Hostel, "a happy retreat for all who find life weary, civilisation a disease, society a canker, or loved ones unkind." *Lady Medwin's* trouble was that her loved one—namely, her husband—had stated

that a large mauve hat made her "look like nothing on earth." No insult could have struck straighter home, so just to teach him a lesson she bolted precipitately to the Happy Retreat. There she was surrounded by cranks of every kind and shape, people poisonously depressing to meet, but vastly entertaining to read of. Mr. COKE says that his book is "For the Life-long Children, and them only," but I recommend everybody—those who want to laugh, and those who, not wanting, ought to be made to—take *The Cure*.

To a reader with any practical experience of the atrocious and delightful difficulties that beset the dramatist's art,

perhaps the only literature more interesting than a play that has made a successful popular appeal is one that has failed. To suggest, however, that this was my solo reason for enjoying the volume that Mr. MAURICE BARING has published under the title of *The Grey Stocking and other Plays* (CONSTABLE) would at once be unkind and untrue. It contains quite enough of the author's admitted gifts of dry humour and a certain easy characterisation to make the three plays agreeable reading. To witness their performance might, I fancy, be a heavier undertaking. *The Green Elephant*, the most recently produced, seems to me the least successful. But even here Mr. BARING has some clever studies of individuals—the vague heroine, for example, and *The Professor*, a kind of *Sherlock Holmes pour rire*. But the intrigue is ever so much too involved, and the personages of the play meander on and off the stage in a fashion which even in print becomes positively maddening. *The Grey Stocking*, a comedy frankly of talk and character, achieves its end more nearly, and the glimpse it gives of modern country-house life is

WHEN CAPTAIN RAGBOLT TOOK THE "SHIP INN" AT SALT-WORTHY HE ORDERED A NEW SIGN-BOARD FROM THE SALT-WORTHY ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD. THIS WAS THE SPECIFICATION HE MADE OUT:—"A FULL-RIGGED SHIP, BLACK, WITH PAINTED PORTS AND UNDER HER HEAD SAILS, FORE, MAIN, AND TOP-SAILS AND T'GALLANTS, MAIN TOP-MAST STAY-SAIL AND CROJICK, AND HER SPANKER, CLOSE-HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK, ENTERING THE HARBOUR OF LALLAPALOOOA, ABOUT TWO BELLS IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH; CLEAR WEATHER; WIND, N.E. BY E."



THIS WAS THE SIGN-BOARD AS SUPPLIED BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD.

neat and true, if hardly dramatic. The first Act, in which a number of pleasant people sit about in a garden and discourse attractively of art and politics, is an excellent example of a kind of stage traffic, three hours of which would delight the intellectuals and drive the plain, blunt man in despair to a cinema palace. The third and last of the plays, *A Double Game*, which has never been produced, concerns itself almost sensationally with Nihilists and secret police. I fancy it would have the best chance of success of the three; it is certainly the most dramatic.

## Indian Unrest.

"My brother Satyendra Nath Das *alias* Manu disappeared, barefooted and wearing a single dhoti, through religious motives, on 31st January last."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

"The Clan Line steamer *Clan Sinclair* left here to-day before yesterday evening."—*Statesman.*

Returning any time last week after to-morrow.